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## LE SALON, SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.

## PAINTINGS.

The "Old Salon" of 1906 was one of the best of recent years. And yet—reviewing the 1,700 oil paintings of this exposition—one is curiously incited to make comparisons with the American exhibitions. This may seem strange when the tremendous number of exhibits is taken in consideration, for to these 1,700 oil paintings must be added over one thousand watercolors, pastels, miniatures and drawings, and almost another thousand numbers of Sculpture. Nevertheless, somewhat similar reflexions arise. Also here we find numbers upon numbers of paintings that have no artistic *raison d'être*, just so much paint, canvas and gold frame. Not a message, not an expression, not an inspiration is to be had from them—exactly as we find it with us. Only now and then do we stand before a canvas, large or small, on the line or skied, that tells us something of the man who wrought it, and of his view of nature and life.

The most curious aid to a comparison of the relative artistic standard—in quality, not in quantity—between this "Old Salon" and the last New York exhibition is found in the presence of two paintings, which have been seen in New York and were also seen in Paris. They were prominent at the National Academy. If they were dwarfed here we must assume that the Salon was far superior; if they hold their own, or if they occupy the same place of merit they did at home, we must conclude that, despite the larger number of canvases, the average artistic merit is about alike in the American and French exhibitions. The comparison made, then, is highly satisfactory and speaks well for the American painter.

The first painting which I want to use as a criterion is HENRY SALEM HUBBELL'S "Type du Quartier," which was considered one of the strongest works in the New York exhibition, where it was shown. In Paris it dominated by its inherent qualities. Together with this artist's other canvas, showing the portrait of a boy, with a splendidly painted dog, this "Type" classes Hubbell in the front rank of the younger school.

The other painting of relative supremacy is CHARLES WARREN EATON'S powerful landscape, with stormclouds hanging over the rugged hillsides. When this canvas was displayed at our last Academy show, I pointed to it as being one of twelve which made that exhibition noteworthy. This painting hangs here on the line in one of the principal galleries, and is accorded a medal by the jury. Without wire-pulling, if you please, this foreigner, unknown to the jury (they didn't even know his address to notify him), receives here a reward in recognition of intrinsic merit and mastery. It is one of the greatest landscapes shown in Paris.

Take it all in all, we may be satisfied with our New York exhibitions. The features which make these weak were even in greater measure present at the Salon. Yea, even to the extent that I consider the last exhibition held in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania Academy to have been of greater artistic merit than this Paris show.

And now to the fray.

Of course, there were many men who sent performances of exactly the kind we have become used to. There were the same PIOT'S, SEIGNAC'S, BERNE-BELLECOUR'S, HAQUETTE'S Fishing Boats, LE ROY'S Kittens and JOSEPH BAIL'S Pieter de Hooghe interiors. Many of these suitable for beginners in picture collecting. These may be passed by. It is my purpose to point out the artists whose work is eminent, and oftentimes the mention of their names must be sufficient. The practical value of these reviews will lie, not in the description of individual canvases, but in recording the names of men, who must be accorded praise, and should be regarded as worthy of being investigated by collectors.

The Americans who sent their contributions are not the least among the brethren. Besides Hubbell and Eaton, we find that H. O. TANNER has covered himself again with glory. He received a second class medal for his "Pilgrims of Emmaüs," a canvas that was at once purchased by the government. It is a magnificent work with the artist's characteristic freedom of execution and wealth of color that reminds one of Rembrandt or of the old Spaniards. Another painting of his, however, is not so satisfactory as the handling, too free, suggests carelessness.

ASTON KNIGHT, also medaled, must have benefited greatly by his visit to America, for the ambitious effort which he displays here is in technique, in conception, nay, in every respect, superior to anything that was shown by him in New York last winter. It is a large triptych, representing views of the three world cities, Paris, London and New York.

FRANK BOGGS has two paintings which show a marked stride forward on anything seen before. His "Quai of the Grands-Augustins" has an exquisite play of light and shade, while the "Pont du Carrousel" is a powerful piece of waterpainting.

COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER's two views, of New York and of Philadelphia, have been seen in the States and are greatly admired here. THOMAS R. CONGDON presents "The Music Master," a very fine composition, while his other canvas, "Un Sportsman," has typical quality. GEORGE ELMER BROWNE'S "Dutch Hay Boat," C. F. RYDER'S "L'Adieu," HENRY SNELL'S "Winter," C. P. GRUPPÉ'S "The Woodcutters," and LIONEL WALDEN'S beautiful "Summer Evening," with young women sporting on the beach, are examples by Americans which rank well with the brushwork of their confrères of other nationalities. One artist, American by birth, MME. CÉCILE DE WENTWORTH, has a well-advertised painting, "The Last Moments of Pope Leo XIII," that attracts considerable attention and will, likely, be seen in New York. It has a fine rendering of reds in the painting of the ecclesiastical robes of the dignitaries gathered around the bed, but the composition is on the whole a theatrical performance, lacking the dignity and solemnity which the subject should convey.

The large-sized canvases, generally intended for mural decoration, naturally attract attention for their size. One of the best of these is a composition for a ceiling by H. G. DARIEN, "Love Was Born on a Fête Evening," which is a medley of color, well kept in hand, with splendidly and delicately drawn nude and half-draped figures, disporting themselves among showers of rose leaves. Another decorative piece of merit is GEO. ROUSSEI'S scene of the revolutionary days of 1789, while an entire gallery is filed with mural paintings destined for the Capitol at Toulouse by HENRY J. G. MARTIN. These are as much *pointiliste* as is possible with such immense canvases. They are decoratively effective, though barren in ideas. HENRY PERRAULT has two decorative compositions of monumental character.

G. ROCHEGROSSE's clou, "The 'Red' Delight"—whatever that may mean, perhaps the idealization of Anarchy—was a startling commingling of nude and barbaric figures, and displayed the same riotous imagination as seen in the artist's "Fall of Babylon" of some years ago.

Among the larger canvases I would yet note two by LIONELLO BALESTRIERI, the Italian who made a sensation two years ago with his "Beethoven." He possesses a wonderful talent for depicting types of the *Quartier Latin* in his compositions. "The Waitingroom at the Publisher's" is a striking canvas.

The fancy by LOUIS BEROU, shown in his "Au Salon Carré du Louvre," has been much talked of, but is not a new trick. Last year someone had the principal characters of the Rubens' Gallery foregather, just as here the artistic royalties of the famous old masters have stepped

from their frames to be grouped together to represent Paul Véronèse's "Marriage at Cana." It may be curious to recognize Mona Lisa, Henry VIII. and all the rest of the jumbled celebrities—but it isn't art.

While the general tenor of Salon subjects is the anecdotal picture, with comparatively few landscapes and less marines, we may regard the standard of the exhibition as a whole considerably influenced by the calibre of the portrait work which, as usual, is here well represented. It is of fair quality, without any single human counterfeit of supreme excellence. There are portraits by BONNAT and DAWANT. CHARTRAN's portrait of an Indian potentate has been seen in New York at Knoedler's to better advantage. It is here slightly dwarfed by its surroundings. His portrait of a lady is more sincere and satisfactory than anything he has done for a long time. There is a good portrait by M<sup>lle</sup>. THÉRÈSE GÉRALDY; some clever pastel work by JULES A. GRÜN; a fine portrait by the Parisian EUGÈNE ZIGLIARA, of M<sup>lle</sup>. C——; a good little portrait sketch of an artist by the Canadian MAYBÉE; and style and quality displayed in the portraits by FERNAND CORMON, member of the Institute.

M<sup>me</sup>. FRÉDÉRIQUE VALLET-BISSON is a portrait painter who furnishes the usual elegant confectionery of a society limner in attractive style and will surely be heard from in the United States. Her portraits of women, both in oil and pastel, are gracefully executed.

Red is to the fore in many portraits, in fact it seems to be fashionable. JOSEPH WENCKER's little boy is aggressively dressed in red. The best use of this color is made by HENRY BRÉMOND, in his portrait of M. Emile Fabre.

A great improvement is noted in the work of JEAN PATRICOT, who paid a visit to the United States two winters ago. He still affects white by preference. The face in his "Young Girl's Portrait" is brushed in with greater assurance and better expression than was seen in any of his former works.

Some of the foreigners cannot be passed by. The German HANNS FECHNER has a fine portrait of a lady; the Hungarian PAUL IVANOVITCH a good portrait of M<sup>me</sup>. de M——; and another Hungarian, RODOLPHE BERÉNY, is also well represented. The best portrait work in the Salon, to my view, is shown by the two STYKA'S, JAN and THADEUS, father and son, who have excellent representations of the human document.

To devote ourselves now to the easel pictures, I would recall anew that the names of the artists mentioned are given as a guide to collectors.

A strong marine painter is found to be PHILIPPE MATISSE-AUGUSTE, while ARMAND JAMOR has a fine marine "L'Océan," and EMILE MAILLARD gives a splendid work in "The Tug," which is very bold in its sweeping wave lines. Second class medals were awarded to G. MARONIEZ and JULIUS OLSSON for sterling canvases.

CHARLES DENET has fine character painting in his "Warnews," two veterans, sitting at table, one reading aloud the latest despatches from the seat of war. It is an anecdotal picture of the better sort. PAUL CHABAS has two paintings which show a peculiar handling of soft colors, and a clever way of drawing the bodies of swimming boys and girls as the lines are broken by the rippling waves.

Of the many nudes—not so many as formerly—one of the finest is A. J. CHANTRON's "The First Mirror," which is chaste in drawing and delicate in color. M. E. M. BENNER and JACQUES CANCARET have also beautiful examples of this genre, while E. BISSON, in his "Night Carrying Off the Stars," has a half-draped figure of most decorative effect, which is not marred by the use of a startling blue in the drapery.

Among the comparatively few cattle pieces, I must single out VOISARD-MARGERIE's "A Shady Corner," for which Troyonesque painting a sec-

ond class medal was given. RENÉ PIERRE had a fine stable interior, and VICTOR TARDIEU vigorously painted dock scenes. RICHARD-PUTZ gave effectively the blue tones of night in his "Dream of Orpheus," and for painting of the values of white, commend me to "La Nappe," by JACQUES ROGER SIMON, an arrangement of white dress, white table cover, oranges and green hat-box—an artistic grouping, daringly executed.

Of the Stillives I must mention a remarkable canvas by MME. DE LA BAUME, showing steaming asparagus and artichokes with startling vividness. MAURICE LOUIS MONNOT and Mlle. BERTHE LESEURE are also well represented—the copper and brass vessels of the latter being of unusual merit.

For superior quality I would still group the work of the Glasgow painter, JAMES KAY; of EVERET PIETERS, with one of the best Dutch interiors he ever did; of ARNOLD GORTER, who has a very strong Winter Evening effect; of G. BILBAO, with excellent Spanish types. The Austrian LUIGI LOIR has two very fine canvases, one with moonlight effect, the other a snow scene—both creditable to his progressive efforts.

The example by HENRY HARPIGNIES is not up to his usual force of tree painting. The *Prix Nationale* was given to CHARLES HOFFBAUER for his "Triomphe d'un Condottière," a composition of greater brilliancy than the artist's canvas which attracted much attention in Pittsburg last year.

#### SCULPTURE.

The works of the plastic art are as usual grouped in the open court of the Grand Palais, so admirably fitted for their exposition. To look even casually over these many numbers—there are only less than twice as many paintings—one is amazed at the dignity to which Sculpture has arrived in France, and alas—the thought forces itself that, if comparisons are made, there is no Sculpture in America. What do we see at the New York exhibitions? Anything at all inspiring, elevating, impressive? All plastic work done there is tame compared with the energy, the nervous force, the inventiveness displayed at this Paris exhibition. It is particularly noticeable in memorial sculpture. What is done in this line by American sculptors? Old, commonplace banalities executed by the members of the sculptor's trade union—I should say the National Sculpture Society—given out by its walking delegates. Here and there an independent lifts his head, soon to be frozen out and squelched by the thoroughly organized clique.

And Art is dead.

True, Ward has done noble work. French is poetic, oftentimes inspired. St. Gaudens is a master of the mallet—although even against him I have it that his statue of Sherman is too much suggested by the Kaiser Friedrich statue in Berlin. There are a few others, whom I need not mention now, who inspire some hope that perhaps American sculpture may awaken from its present stage of commission hunting.

To see sculpture, and what it can do to beautify the city and the home, one must come to Paris.

Of the memorial statuary, so full of thought, expressed with dignity, notice the monument to Eugène Fromentin, by ERNEST DUBOIS. It is an excellent portrait bust on a high pedestal against which one of the great painter's Morocco horsemen is rearing. Or we must admire the monument for Omer Sarraut, by PAUL DUCUING or AUGUSTE SEYSSSES' monument for the Captain Anglade and his soldiers of the war of 1870, or ANTONIN CARLÈS' monument to the Commandant Hériot of the Soldiers' Orphanage. They all tell a story such as is permissible in the plastic more than in the graphic arts.

Our own FREDERIC MACMONNIES has at last completed his statue of General MacClellan. It will be a notable, and not the least artistic addition to the "Men on Horseback," of which Washington boasts.

Space allows me to mention but a few of the most interesting numbers. There is a magnificent work by ANDRÉ-CÉSAR VERMARE, "Vendanges," a bronze group cast by the *cire perdue* process. It is impressive and noble. RENÉ BERTRAND-BOUTÉE has a stone group of two old people, which is full of feeling and finely drawn. It received a second class medal. HECTOR LEMAIRE has a strong group, called "Despair," that has expressiveness and force. A South American, PÉREZ MUJICA, has a group of fighting Indians, fierce in its realism and wonderfully effective. A haut-relief in marble by GEORGES BAREAU, "La Vision du Poète," attracts attention; and EMILE NIVET has the stretched out figure of a sleeping shepherd boy that has fine lines.

Of the busts, both of portraits or ideal heads, many are interesting. Of course, there are a large number of nudes, among which I would single out HENRY LOUIS CORDIER'S "Nymphaea," in rose quartz; those by EMILE LAPORTE and AIMÉ OCTOBRE; and also EMILE PFISTER'S figure, somewhat theatrical, still one of the best drawn.

There is a *vitrine* wherein HENRY LOUIS LEVASSEUR exhibits some delicate and artistic examples of chryselephantine sculpture, a method also followed successfully by DOMINIQUE ALONZO and by LOISEAU ROUSSEAU.

The entire catalogue of this Salon has almost five thousand numbers. Watercolors, black and white, miniatures, the art of the medalist, architectural drawings, gravures and lithography, and *l'art décoratif* are included among the exhibits.

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#### SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX ARTS.

The "New" Salon, or Salon des Champs de Mars, as it used to be called, occupies the rear portion of the Grand Palais, separated by a wicket gate from its older rival. It has followed the course which the Society of American Artists ran in regard to the Academy. It caused the Old Salon to be quickened into new life—itself reverting to the conservatism against which it had rebelled. Seeing these two exhibitions now alongside each other, there is little reason for that wicket gate—unless to signalize that the old is better than the new. Impressionism, which gave the new Salon its birth, has run its course, and the canvases now collected are more academic than ever.

The "Society," as it should be called, has done homage to two painters by according to each an entire gallery. Of the late EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE there are a number of canvases, some unfinished, which give ample proof of this artist's high standing. Another gallery is devoted to GUSTAVE COLIN, very much alive indeed, whose recent work excites great interest.

Decorative painting is well represented. Foremost stands GASTON LA TOUCHE'S panel for the Elysée palace, showing a night festival at Versailles. This large painting is as idealistic, as refined in color and drawing, and even more delicate than we may see in his smaller easel pictures. Two panels by RENÉ MÉNARD, the "Orpheus" by AUBURTIN, and the Swiss subject, somewhat hard in painting, by CHARLES GIRON, must attract attention.

The figure painters are numerous and of great variety. Some are pure and classic, others seem independent of all laws of anatomy, even when the human figure is to be presented in nude simplicity. The absence of correct form is not always condoned by dexterous color. One of the best is HENRY MORISSET'S "Repose." This artist's reputation has heretofore rested principally on his interiors, elegantly and minutely executed. Here